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All Druggists sell it, but be sure you get
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VOLUME XVII.

• LIFE •

NUMBER 429.



THE ELEMENTS OF FINANCE.

"I THOUGHT I TOLD YOU I WOULDN'T BE RESPONSIBLE FOR ANY MORE BILLS!"

"BUT, FATHER, I HAD THESE THINGS CHARGED ON THE OLD BILL!"

IN A MAGAZINE PIGEON-HOLE.

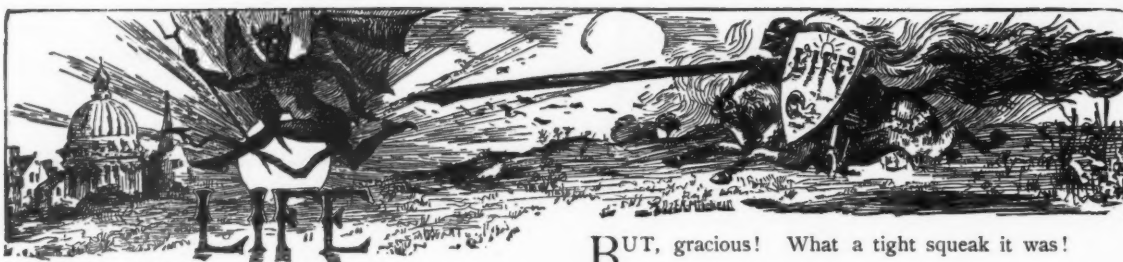
POEM: I wish to thunder I'd been rejected and cremated twenty years ago, when I first got here.

WAR PAPER: So do I. This being buried alive is fearful.

BETTER HAVE SAID NOTHING.

ELDERLY AUNT: My dear, I have just put you down in my will for \$10,000.

HER NIECE: Oh Auntie, what can I say to thank you How are you feeling to-day?



"While there's Life there's Hope."

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THE despaired-of has happened. The too-good-to-be-true is a fact, with every appearance of permanency to it. The International Copyright Bill has been passed and signed by the President, and is part of the law of the land. Let us hug ourselves a little over the augmented respectability which is ours already in virtue of the prospective reformation in our ways. If we are writers ourselves, let us go out and test our inflated credit by an order for spring clothing to be paid for when our English publishers make their settlements. If we are merely readers, let us determine to read more than ever, and to eschew borrowing, and always to buy what we intend to read. Since now that our mite is going at last into the right box, it is worth while for us to be scrupulous about contributing it.

HOW does our old friend Judge Payson feel about it? How does the *Troy Press*, and all the other black-flag newspapers feel about it? Never mind how. Better than for us to berate the evenness of this particular form of righteousness, it is to praise and thank and felicitate its friends, and those who were especially active in bringing it about.

Will Senator Platt, of Connecticut, kindly rise?

Senator, you have helped us to vindicate our honesty, and we thank you with all there is to us.

And Mr. Robert Underwood Johnson, and Mr. George Haven Putnam, and Mr. Editor Gilder:

Gentlemen, we are told that our debt to you in this matter is of exceptional size and importance. Accept the assurance of our grateful recognition of the zeal which you have persisted in showing, and of the importance of the concession that it has won.

Will the other gentlemen stand up who have contributed money, influence, prayers or effort of any sort to take away our reproach and put honest men in the way of getting their dues!

Gentlemen, *LIFE* is grateful to you all.

BUT, gracious! What a tight squeak it was!

AN interesting figure passed out of American life, and out of New York life more particularly, when the curtain was rung down on the career of Leonard Jerome. He really had a career; with ups and downs and ins and outs and anecdotes and picturesque features enough in it to make a thick book. He was a successful man—of a certain sort, and, in a way, a commendable and worthy personage. He got a very large proportion of what he wanted in life, and a man who does that is entitled to be called successful. The moralist will aver that Mr. Jerome's aims were frivolous, and that it was not worth while for a man to spend the only life he was sure of spending on earth in pursuing them. That is a sound criticism, of course. To be pleasant and polite; to be a leader in amusements; to promote horse-racing and have a good time generally, are not results that would satisfy very lofty aspirations.

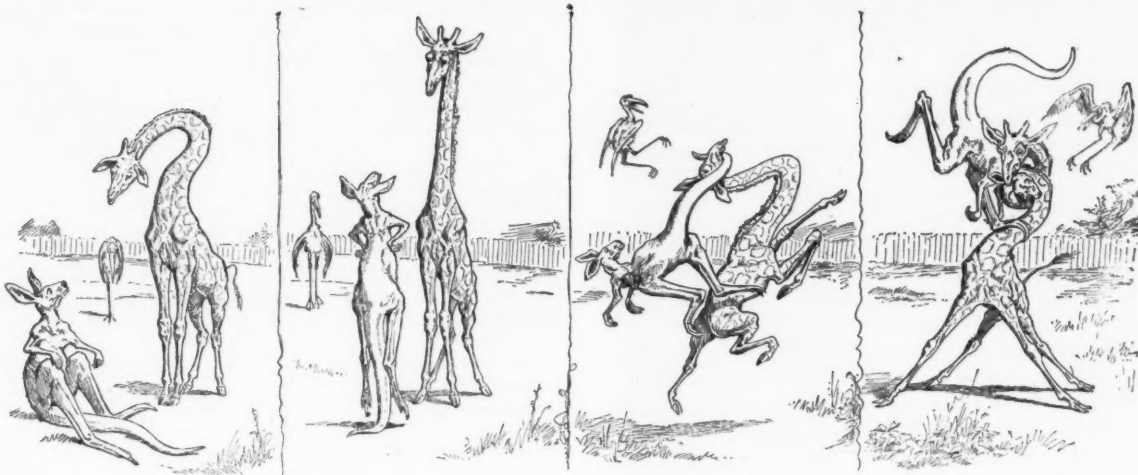
NEVERTHELESS, it is of very large importance to have fun in this world, and the man who has plenty himself, and makes plenty for other people, commends himself not unreasonably to our regard. There is no doubt that Leonard Jerome was a very pleasant man to have in the world. No one that we know of will be glad he is out of it, and a great many people will be sorry. A man of whom that can be said certainly did not live in vain.

WE do not judge men so much by the game that they play as by the way they play it. Mr. Jerome played his game at times on a very large scale, and in a manner exceptionally picturesque. The scale became reduced, but the manner was picturesque to the end. And to the end was maintained his purpose and effort that the play should be fair and above board, and the rules of the game respected.

ONLY persons of acute malevolence will gossip about their neighbors in these days when there is so much good talking to be had over scandals in London. Talk about the wicked Lords and other foreigners. It doesn't hurt them, and it will do you just as much good as to run down voters.

TENNYSON got \$10 a word for his last poem, and yet they say his powers are failing. It is evident that some of them are not.

A LITTLE MISUNDERSTANDING AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.



TO — — —.

TO you, who came from other lands
To show us plainly what
A literary snob may be,
And gentlemen are not,

Accept these lines, with this regret—
And everyone will share it,
"Provincial" language is too weak
To say one-half you merit.

You think we have no ladies here,
And flippantly regret them—
Perhaps their husbands did not wish
That you could say you met them.

Oh, you who see our faults so clear!
Pray tell us, if you can,
Why one who has so great a fame
Should be so small a man?

"The pity of it!" that the torch
Of genius that was hailed
By all the earth, should flicker out,
And prove—"The Light That Failed."

In future, those who show contempt
For some conceited stripling,
Will not insult the patient ass,
But say: "A — — —!"

James G. Burnett.



BOOKISHNESS

BRET HARTE'S NEW STORIES AND LANG'S ESSAYS.

ONE of those perfectly useless speculations with which a "lazy intelligence" might amuse itself would be Whether Bret Harte's new volume, "A Sappho of Green Springs" (Houghton), would cause people to admire and wonder (as "The Luck of Roaring Camp" did), provided this were his first venture in fiction, and he had not made the whole reading public familiar with his style and method. An interesting experiment might be tried on a group of bright young men and maidens who had never read any of Harte (if such there be), by giving them his latest volume, and then his earliest to read. Their preferences might help toward an inductive solution of the question. One may not venture to guess what they would say—except that some audacious young woman would boldly express the opinion that Edna Lyall and Kipling could give Mr. Harte points on story-writing. The rest of the group might look surprised, but in their hearts would agree with the young woman.

To paraphrase a sentence of Andrew Lang's, "The moral of all this is that minor fiction has its fashions." Because they are out of the fashion knee-breeches have no just cause of complaint against long trousers. Like the proverbial dog, they have had their day, and can console themselves by looking at the scores of other shapes which never arrive.

* * *

BUT one who has read Bret Harte for twenty years need not steer clear of his latest volume. There are four short stories in it, and two of them are good work—"The Sappho" and "The Macaenas of the Pacific Slope." Here are the same audacity, tricks of expression, and impossible characters that have done service in all of the writer's stories; but the combinations are new. He has no solemn literary theory to exemplify in his work, no serious doctrine of art or morals to expound—as is the fashion now in fiction. The reader has, therefore, no responsibility thrust upon him, and is glad of it.

We have become so conscious in the art of fiction, that the author's labored elimination of himself from his work has become a vanity. From this false humility Bret Harte is free.

* * *

ANDREW LANG'S "Essays in Little" (Scribner's), contains five papers that never before have been printed. The sympathetic studies of Stevenson and Kipling are of most contemporary interest—both of them written with admiration, and putting in few words the obvious merits of each writer. In Stevenson the striking quality is "the buoyancy, the survival of the child in him"; in Kipling, the "swift and certain vision, his certainty in effects."

For the readers of old-fashioned fiction, there are papers on Dumas, Thackeray, Dickens, Kingsley, Lever and Bunyan—which express the correct sentiments of a man of taste in reading, without adding anything of note to the interpretation of these writers.

The best thing in the volume is not a literary essay, but a plain-spoken "Letter to a Young Journalist," which contains the whole gospel of decency in journalism:—

"Once begin to print private conversations and you are lost—lost, that is, to delicacy, and gradually to many other things excellent and of good report. The whole question for you is: Do you mind incurring this damnation? If there is nothing in it which appals and revolts you, if your conscience is satisfied with a few ready sophisms, or, if you don't care a pin for your conscience, fall to! *Vous irez loin!* You will prattle in print about men's private lives, their hidden motives, their waistcoats, their wives, their boots, their businesses, their incomes. Most of your prattle will inevitably be lies. But go on, nobody will kick you, I deeply regret to say. You will earn money. You will be welcomed into society. You will live and die content and without remorse. * * Putting it merely as a matter of taste, I don't like the way. It makes me sick—that is all."

Droch.

NEW BOOKS.

THE GREAT TABOO. By Grant Allen. New York: Harper and Brothers.

The Life, Letters and Friendships of Richard Monckton Milnes, first Lord Houghton. By T. Wemyss Reid. New York: Cassell Publishing Company.

The Chevalier of Pensierivani. By Stanton Page. Boston: J. G. Cupples and Company.



A PROBLEM.

HOW A CENT'S WORTH OF PEANUT TAFFY, WHICH TILLIE SMITH HAS JUST GONE INTO THE STORE TO PURCHASE, CAN BE DIVIDED WITH HER "PARDS," WHO ARE WAITING ON THE SIDEWALK, AND TILLIE HAVE ENOUGH LEFT WITH NO CAUSE FOR REGRET.



AND SHE NAMED THE DAY.

He (awkwardly): AH, MISS MABEL, I HOPE YOU UNDERSTAND MY FEELINGS!

She: I'M SURE I'M QUITE IN THE DARK!

He: THEN (*desperately*) SUPPOSE WE STRIKE A MATCH!

"PAPA," said his little son, "do the soldiers wounded in the Sioux campaign receive pensions like the veterans of the rebellion?"

"No, my son. They do not!"

"Well, why not, papa?" persisted the child.

"Because, my boy, soldiers in the regular army cannot vote, you know."

A POSSIBILITY.

HE: Quite a remarkable thing happened the other day, on our hunting trip. I mistook a friend of mine in the woods for a deer, and would have shot if he hadn't shouted and stopped me.

SHE: I don't see anything remarkable about that. He was perfectly right. You might have hit him.



"GETTING A BULGE ON HIM."

ON THE HOMEWARD-BOUND STEAMER.

SHE: What are you reading?

HE: "Tales of the Alhambra;" did you ever see it?

SHE: No; I wanted to go there when I was in London, but they told me it wasn't proper.

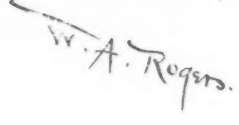
ON THE EDGE OF A PRECIPICE.

PASSENGER (*to train-boy*): You probably did not know when you put this book in my lap, that I was the author.

TRAIN-BOY: Did you write that book?

PASSENGER: I did.

TRAIN-BOY: Then you had better keep mighty quiet about it. I just sold a copy to the man back of you.



ACTIVITY IN LITER
CAUSED BY THE PASSAGE OF THE IN

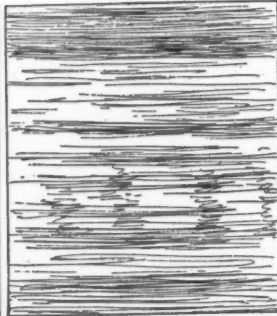


TY IN LITERARY CIRCLES.
GE OF THE INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT LAW.

THEIR FIRST EXPERIENCE IN NEW YORK RAPID TRANSIT;
OR, HOW TO GET TO HARLEM IN A HURRY.



Waiting for a train to Harlem.
"Wonderful conveniences these
elevated railroads."



This train does not stop.



Surprise.



Waiting with patience.

A HARD LIFE.

I AM a wo-wo-woful man—
My gug-gug-goal I'll never reach,
Bub-ub-ecause I hu-have an
Imp-up-up-ediment of speech.

I lul-ul-loved a nice mum-maid,
And stut-ut-arted to propose,
Bub-but before my words were said
Sh-she fuf-fell into a doze.

I'd chances to wow-win a pile,
Bub-but wow-when I tried to speak,
The other fellow with a smile
Declined to wow-ow-wait a week.

Sus-so it goes in all I do,
Num-no mum-matter wow-wow-what;
I'm always left tut-tut-tut to
Bemoan my beastly lul-lul-lot.

And this is wow-wow-why I am
Nigh ready now to skeeh-kuk-creech—
Oh, dud-dud-dud-dud-dud-dud-d—n
Imp-up-up-ediment of speech.

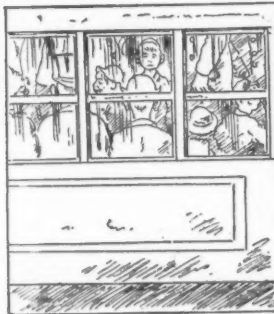
Carlyle Smith.



TO BE LIVED DOWN.

The M. D. (whispering): NOW, JONES, IT'S YOURS.

Jones (ditto): NO, DOCTOR, YOURS—IT'S SURE DEATH IF YOU TAKE HOLD OF IT.



Sardine box to 59th Street.
No good.



At last they get on.



Get off in disgust and indigna-
tion at the very next station.



Hire a coupé and ride home
comfortably.



Farmer Haystack (on his first trip to New York in forty years): I 'LOW I SHALL FEEL KIND O' SHAKY WHEN I GET TO NEW YORK, BILLY, CAUSE, YE SEE, I DON'T KNOW NOBODY THAR'.

Billy (late of New York): YER NEEDN'T FEEL SKEERED ABOUT DAT, BOSS. DER BE A LOT OF NICE LOOKING CHAPS DER DAT'LL BE SO STUCK ON YER SHAPE DEY'LL JUST TUMBLE OVER ONE ANOTHER TER MAKE YER 'QUAINTANCE, AND SHOW YER DE ELEPHANT.

ANOTHER HORROR.

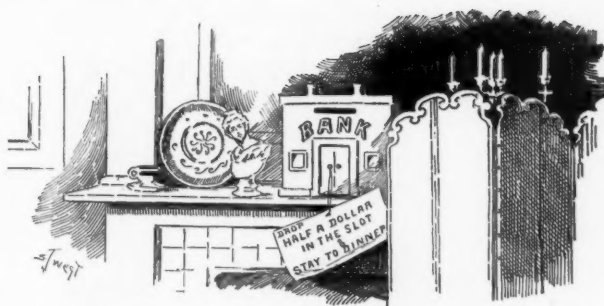
ONE reason advanced by the trustees of the Metropolitan Museum for not opening that building on Sunday, is that an additional expense would be incurred, for which they are not prepared.

The following extract from the report of the president of the Cincinnati Museum of Art, shows how this obstacle is overcome in that particular case.

As an experiment, your Trustees decided to reduce the price of Sunday admission from twenty-five cents to ten cents. The result has been that 15,993 people visited the Museum on Sundays during the year 1890, as against 3,917 in 1889; the receipts from admission even at the low price of ten cents amounting to double what they were the year before at twenty-five cents.

This is bad news for our Metropolitan trustees, and LIFE easily conceives their pious horror that such an enterprise should succeed. This report simply emphasizes the fact that the working people should have access to such institutions. It also shows they are willing to pay for it if necessary. Our trustees, though well aware of this fact, are resolved to keep them out.

Why is it, gentlemen? Have you no charity for those less fortunate than yourselves?



A SUGGESTION TO YOUNG MARRIED PEOPLE WITH LARGE FAMILY AND SOCIAL CONNECTIONS.

A PARADOX.

HOW hard it is, in these unhappy days,
To keep beyond the line of Falsehood's spell,
Since e'en a proverb, old and hallowed says,
That Truth lies—at the bottom of a well!

THE sluggard who will not go to the ant, frequently seeks consolation with the "uncle."



A POINT OF ETIQUETTE.

"WELL, MISSUS GROGAN, AN' HOW DO YEZ GET ON WID YER FOINE NEIGHBORS?"

"OH, VIRY WILL. THEY HAVEN'T CALLED ON ME YIT. I SUPPOSE THEY DO BE WAITIN' FOR ME TO MAKE THE FIRST VISIT!"



A COLD DAY.

NCE when it was cold and bluff,
Cupid hid in Mabel's muff.
"Mabel's little hands," quoth he,
"Warm as any nest will be,
Here I'll stay and take mine ease."
On a sudden came a squeeze—
Startled, Love exclaimed, "What's this?
"Surely something is amiss!"
Looked at Mabel's hands to see
What the matter was—"Dear me!
"Do mine eyes deceive? or can

"One of Mabel's gloves be tan?

"And the other gray?—that's odd,

"Both right hands, as I'm a god?

"Mabel! Mabel! have a care!

"Two right hands don't make a pair.

"I'll be off," quoth Love, "its clear

"I am little needed here.

"Bitter though the March wind be,

"This is *much* too warm for me!"

O. Herford.

STAGE MANAGER: In this act you
drink two bottles of mock cham-
pagne.

ACTOR: I think I could play that better
if you'd substitute two bottles of *real* beer.



THEATRICAL TERMS.
"TORMENTORS."



THE TESTING OF IBSEN.

THERE seems to be no imminent danger of Ibsen's plays monopolizing the American stage. At the Lyceum Theatre we have just had a trial trip, at a matinée, the result showing that "The Pillars of Society" is no more playable than "A Doll's House." The piece was acted by a good company, and all the accessories were such as to give its dramatic possibilities a very fair test indeed. But if Ibsen is dull in the reading, he is absolutely dreary in the acting. The play is realistic in the extreme, but the realism is confined to such petty and trivial things that it fails to interest. The sermonizing scattered through the play, and on which it depends for its literary value, only adds to the general desolation. A few public performances of Ibsen's works would fatally puncture one of the most absurd fads of the day.

* * *

IT is easy to understand how "Devant l'Ennemi" now given at the Garden Theatre as "Love and War," should

have had a successful run in Paris. As a war drama, written by a skillful Frenchman for the benefit of his sensitive and patriotic countrymen, it is undoubtedly a brilliant victory. Translated into English and rendered by an American company, it is only natural that a certain per cent. of the original flavor should evaporate, but it remains nevertheless an exceptionally clever play, picturesque, rapid in action, and interesting to the last. Moreover, it is a simple, wholesome story. The second act is laid at an outpost of the French line of battle between Thionville and Woerth, where a striking effect is produced by the reproduction of one of de Neuville's familiar scenes.

Mrs. Arthur Dacre as *Madame Bernard* is the most impressive figure in the piece. This lady is a thorough artist, and possesses the happy faculty of apparently forgetting herself and the audience in the assumption of a character.

In the third act when she exhorts her husband to save his son at the expense of his conscience, she rises to a level not





"COUSIN GEORGE, WHAT DOES THAT CALENDAR SAY ABOUT A CHILD BORN ON THE FOURTH OF JULY—MY BIRTHDAY?"

"IT SAYS A CHILD BORN ON THIS DAY WILL BE SUCCESSFUL IN LOVE."

"IT'S A HUMBUG. I HAVEN'T BEEN, YOU KNOW."

"WHAT! AND DIDN'T THE DUKE OF POSTOBITS JILT YOU LAST SUMMER?"

reached by the other actors in the play. The piece is fairly well rendered, and will probably improve with every performance.

A GLASS OF WINE.

A GLASS of wine all pleasures known condenses,
For it alone appeals to all the senses;
We touch the dainty curves of Venice glass,
See the gold-gleaming nectar's bubbles pass;
The ravishing aroma now we smell,
Then hear glass touching glass like bell on bell;
Taste, dearest ecstasy, arrives at last,
Combining all those pleasures that were past.
Health to the Vine! May we no more repine!
All sorrow's solace is a glass of wine.

George Birdseye.

AN ALLY OF TOLSTOI.

HE (*a poet*): Poets are born, not made.
SHE: Don't say that. You will discourage matrimony.

AN OBSERVANT MISS.

"WHY don't you and Charlie get married?"
"We are too fond of each other. Why should we destroy our happiness?"

A (PAINTED) RED LETTER DAY.

TOMMY: Pa, what is St. Patrick's day?

PAPA: It's the day all the snakes come back to the Irishmen, my son.



Faraway (*high tragedy*): PRITHEE, FRIEND WALKER, WHAT MAYST THOU CALL THAT?

Walker (*low comedy*): THIS? WHY, THIS IS WHAT I CALL "THE ACTORS' OWN TRAVELER." I'LL SHOW YOU HOW IT WORKS.



Au revoir, FARAWAY, THERE'S NOTHING LIKE REALISM!



BAD TIMES.

THE great men are all dropping out,
And dying by the score,
And we're not feeling very well
And our throat is awful sore.—*Dansville Breeze.*

A QUICK-WITTED and daring Western lawyer once saved a guilty client from sure conviction on a charge of poisoning. It was proved that the poisoning had been done by means of certain cakes, a portion of which was produced in court. When the counsel for the prisoner had finished his speech, he said:

"And these, gentlemen of the jury, are some of the alleged poisoned cakes. We declare to you, gentlemen of the jury, that these are not poisoned cakes. They are as harmless cakes as ever were made, and in order, gentlemen of the jury, to show you that these cakes are not poisoned, I will eat one of them right here in your presence."

And he did eat one. He took good care, however, to leave the room at the earliest opportunity, and to make a bee-line for an adjoining room, where he had an emetic in readiness and an antidote. But the jury never heard about the emetic or the antidote until the lawyer's client had been acquitted.—*Argonaut.*

COMMODORE DAVIDSON'S greatest enjoyment was story-telling. One of his pet stories was about a pilot who had been discharged from an opposition line because he had run his boat upon a snag and sunk her. When the fellow came to the Commodore for employment he seemed to be rather proud that he had struck the snag.

"I don't want pilots who run upon snags," said the Commodore.

"Of course, you don't. I wouldn't if I were in your place," said the applicant. "That's why I think you ought to hire me."

"But do you strike snags?"

"I used to, Commodore, but I don't now. I've been running on snags in this river off and on now for fifteen years, and I've hit every one of 'em, every blamed one of 'em, Commodore. But I never hit the same one twice, so I'm the safest man you can get now."

The Commodore used also to tell a companion to this one. It was about another man who came to him to get a place as pilot.

"Do you know the river?" the Commodore asked.

"Yes, sir."

"Know where the snags are, do you?"

"No, sir; I don't."

"Then how in the world do you expect to handle a boat safely?"

"Well, Commodore, I know where the snags ain't, and that's where I always run my boat."—*Analostan Magazine.*

"SHE makes me very tired."

"Over what?"

"Her having got engaged. There are 500,000 men in this city, and out of them 499,999 don't bother themselves at all about her. One does. I don't see what there is to grow proud of."—*Philadelphia Times.*

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